

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

20¢
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84
FEB
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DAREDEVIL™



THE MAN WHO FEAR!



YOU
NEVER HAD
A CHANCE,
DAREDEVIL!

THIS
DAY...
YOU
DIE!!



AT LAST..THE ASSASSIN!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

NIGHT OF THE ASSASSIN!

THE LAST WARM EVENING OF A MUGGY OCTOBER--AND PAUSING FOR A MOMENT ON HIS SELF-APPOINTED ROUNDS, A MOONLIT MAN WITHOUT FEAR--!

CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT THAT EDITORIAL IN THE *DAILY BUGLE*! ACCORDING TO J. JONAH JAMESON--

"--AN ELITE BAND OF SUPER-POWERED VIGILANTES IS WREAKING HAVOC ON THE AVERAGE CITIZEN--AND HAS TO BE STOPPED--NOW!"

I WONDER IF THAT KIND OF LOGIC IS WHAT CAUSED MY EX-FRIEND AND LAW-PARTNER, FOGGY NELSON, TO PROSECUTE THE BLACK WIDOW--!*

IF SO--IS THERE ANY HOPE FOR THIS CRAZY, MADMAN WORLD?

STAR LEE,
EDITOR

GERRY CONWAY,
SCRIPPER

GERE COLAN,
ARTIST

SYD SHORES,
INKER

ARTIE SIMK,
LETTERER

*LAST ISSUE, FRIENDS. --STAN. 7542



HMMM...NO TIME FOR *SOLILOQUIZING*, MATTHEW--

--YOUR *PUBLIC CALLS!*

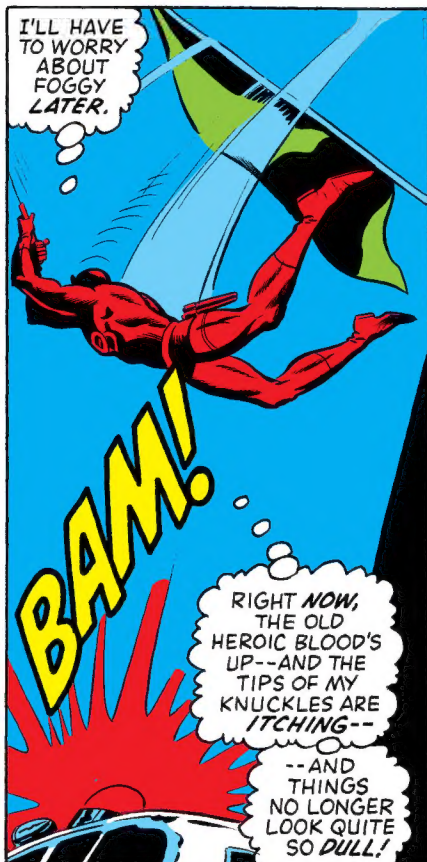
**WOOO
WOOO**



AND IF THERE'S ONE THING A *BLIND CRUSADER* WITH *HYPER-SENSES* CAN *RECOGNIZE--*

--IT'S THE PLAINTIVE *WAIL* OF A *JEWELRY-STORE ALARM!*

UH-HUH!
SEEMS I'M NOT THE *ONLY* ONE WITH *EARS* IN THIS *BURG...*



I'LL HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT *FOGGY* LATER.

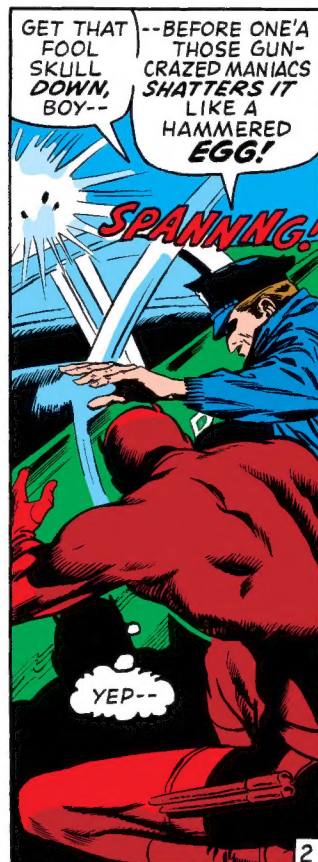
BAM!

RIGHT *NOW*, THE OLD *HEROIC BLOOD'S* UP--AND THE *TIPS* OF MY *KNUCKLES* ARE *ITCHING--*

--AND THINGS NO LONGER LOOK QUITE SO *DULL!*



CHEEE-*RISES!* WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'--PLAYING *TARGET?*



GET THAT *FOOL SKULL* DOWN, BOY--

--BEFORE ONE'A THOSE *GUN-CRAZED MANIACS* *SHATTERS* IT LIKE A *HAMMERED EGG!*

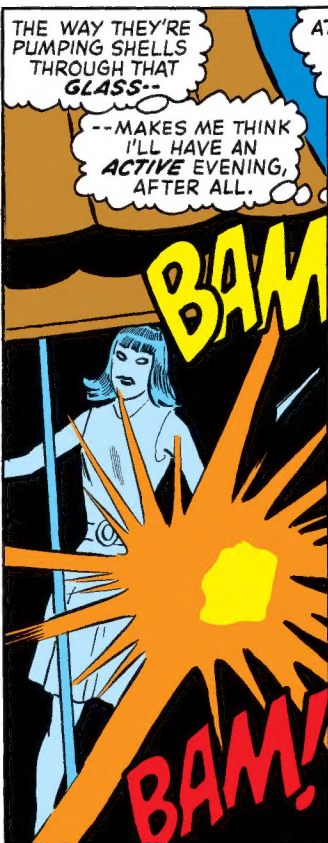
SPANNING!

YEP--



-- LOOKS LIKE I'VE PICKED MYSELF AN AMPLE DIVERSION, ALL RIGHT--!

THOSE NASTIES AREN'T NICKEL-AND-DIME MEN!



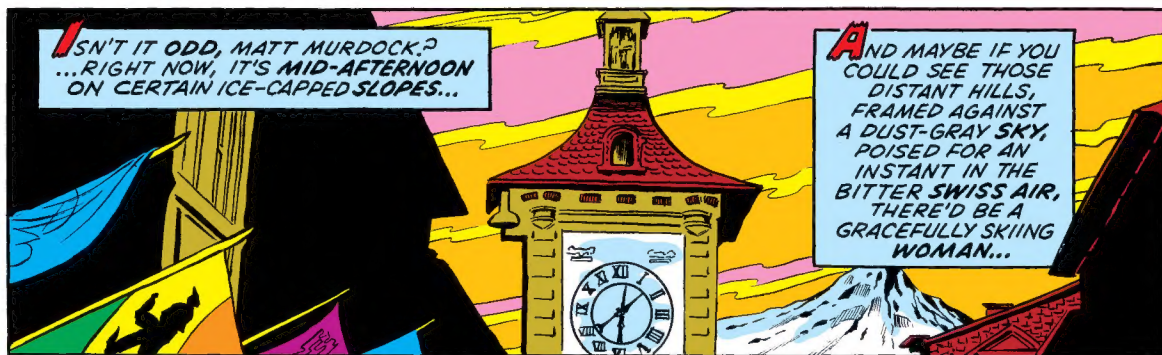
THE WAY THEY'RE PUMPING SHELLS THROUGH THAT GLASS--

--MAKES ME THINK I'LL HAVE AN ACTIVE EVENING, AFTER ALL.



AT LEAST *THIS* WAY MY MIND WON'T BE CIRCLING THE IMAGE OF A CERTAIN LOVELY LADY--

-- SOMEONE I'LL PROBABLY NEVER SEE AGAIN--!



ISN'T IT ODD, MATT MURDOCK? ...RIGHT NOW, IT'S MID-AFTERNOON ON CERTAIN ICE-CAPPED SLOPES...

AND MAYBE IF YOU COULD SEE THOSE DISTANT HILLS, FRAMED AGAINST A DUST-GRAY SKY, POISED FOR AN INSTANT IN THE BITTER SWISS AIR, THERE'D BE A GRACEFULLY SKIING WOMAN...



A WOMAN SOME MEN CALL... THE **BLACK WIDOW!**

TIME SEEMS TO DRIFT BY FOR THAT SLEEK-SUITED FIGURE, ALL SENSE OF MOTION MELTING IN THAT ETERNAL MOMENT... AND AS SUDDENLY AS IT'S FORMED...





I WONDER...
SHOULD I
GO?

PRINCESS, YOU'D BE
A SCREAMING FOOL
NOT TO.

YOU'VE GOTTA
RELAX
SOME-
TIME,
SWEET-
HEART.



BEHIND THEM, A SATISFIED SMILE FORMS ON THE COLD,
COLORLESS FEATURES OF A TALL, GAUNT MAN...

HIS HAND
DIPS OUT, AND
GRAY ASHES
FLICK TO THE
POLISHED
PINE FLOOR...
A GESTURE
WE FIND
FAMILIAR....!

FAMILIAR AS THE TRADE-
MARK OF A MAN NAMED
MISTER KLINE...

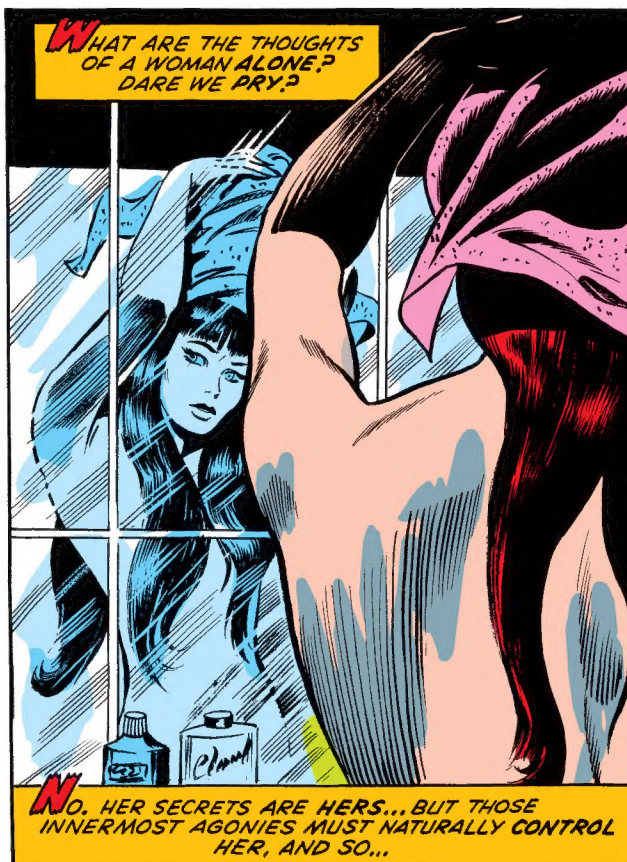


...**N**OW MORE CRUDELY CALLED...
THE ASSASSIN!

MY MASTER'S PLAN
WORKS TO
PERFECTION.

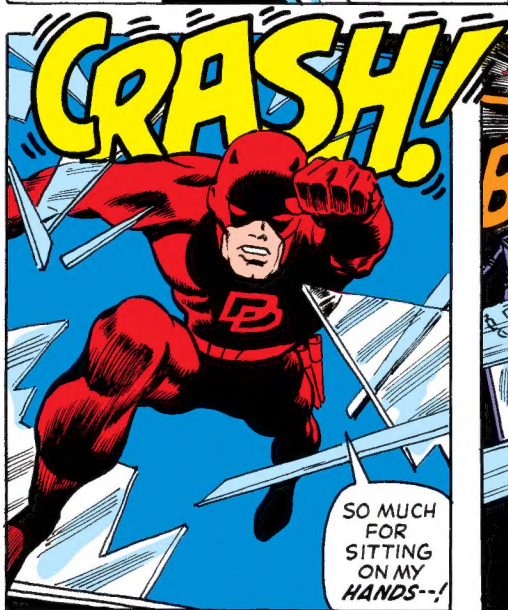
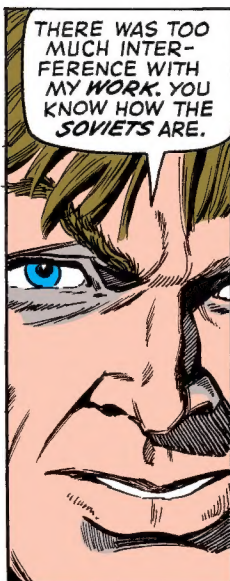
EVERY DETAIL
HAS BEEN
DECIDED--AND
NOW, ONLY
THE FINAL
PREDESTINED
SCENE REMAINS
TO BE PLAYED!

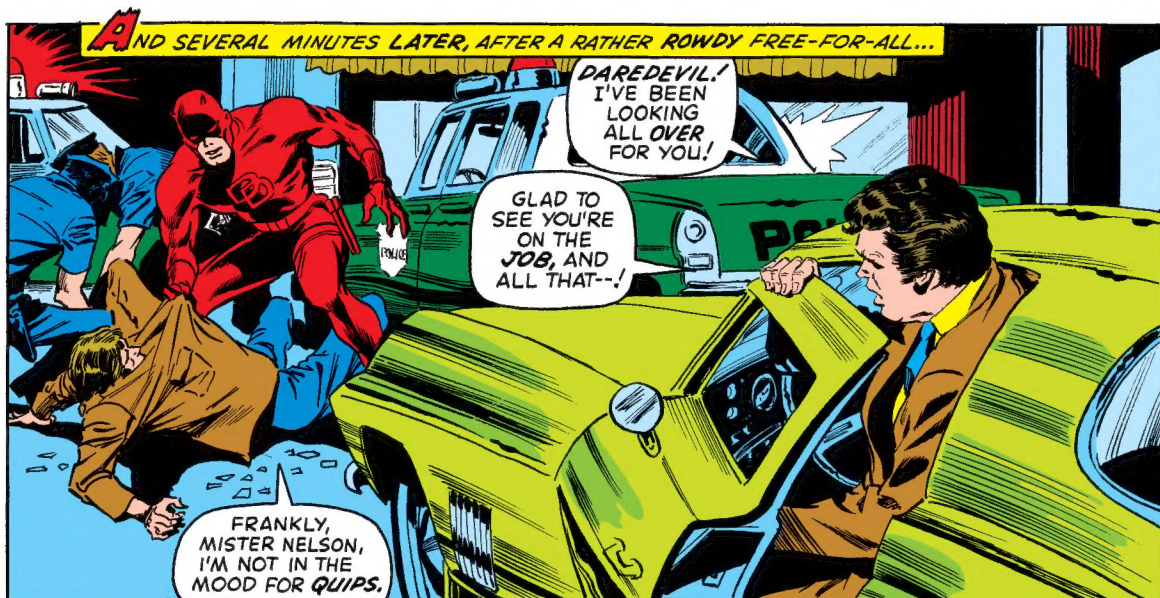
SOMETIMES
EVEN I FIND
THE
GRANDEUR...
FRIGHTENING!

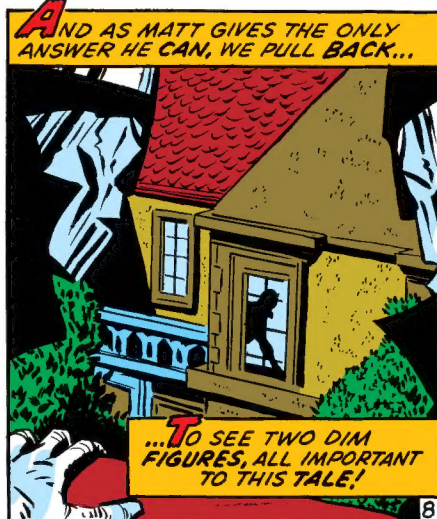
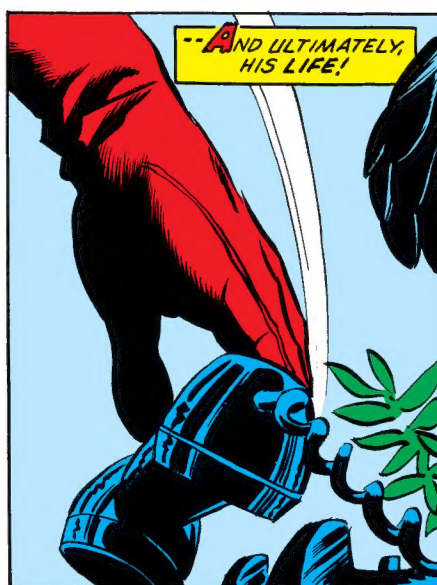
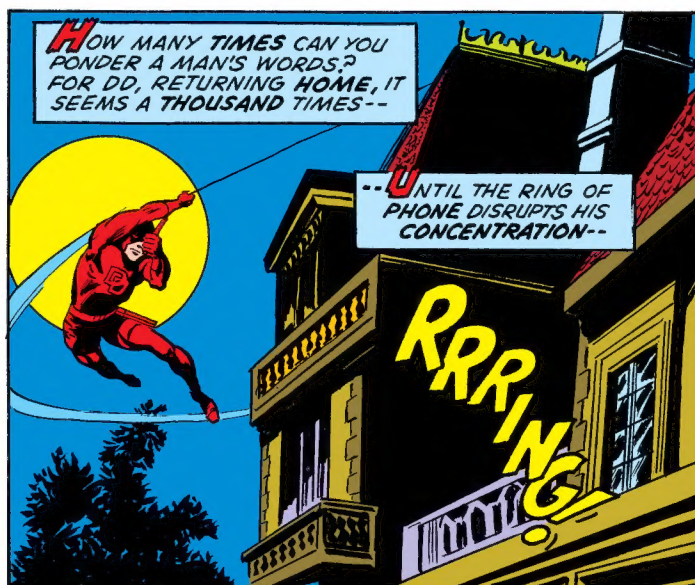


WHAT ARE THE THOUGHTS
OF A WOMAN ALONE?
DARE WE PRY?

NO. HER SECRETS ARE HER... BUT THOSE
INNERMOST AGONIES MUST NATURALLY CONTROL
HER, AND SO...









BUT WHAT THEIR ROLE WILL BE IS SOMETHING YET UNSEEN, AND SO WE MUST LOOK TO OTHER THINGS...

AS, SEVENTEEN HOURS LATER, A TWA JETLINER STREAKS TO A JOLTING HALT AMID SUN-WASHED MOUNTAINS...



...AND A STAR-CROSSED REUNION OCCURS.

MAYBE I'M JUST FOOLISH, MATT--

--BUT I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU--

--NOW THAT I CAN DO SOMETHING FOR YOU AS IMPORTANT AS WHAT YOU DID FOR ME!

NOW, 'TASHA--!



NO, IT'S TRUE! I'VE FOUND A MAN WITH A NEW SURGICAL APPROACH--

THERE'S A CHANCE, MATT, THAT HE CAN HELP YOU.

THAT MAYBE... YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE AGAIN! ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL?

YES, NATASHA. I SUPPOSE IT IS.



SOON...

SO THIS IS DOCTOR BORGDY. STRANGE...

...USUALLY I CAN SENSE A MAN'S HEARTBEAT, OR HIS RHYTHM OF BREATHING.

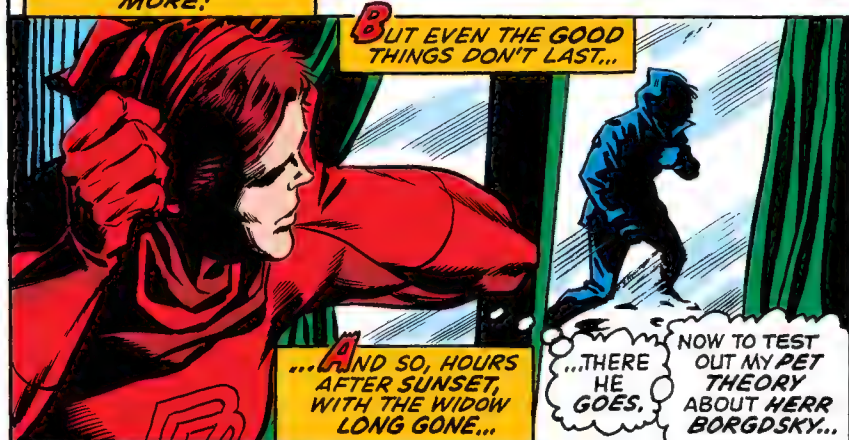
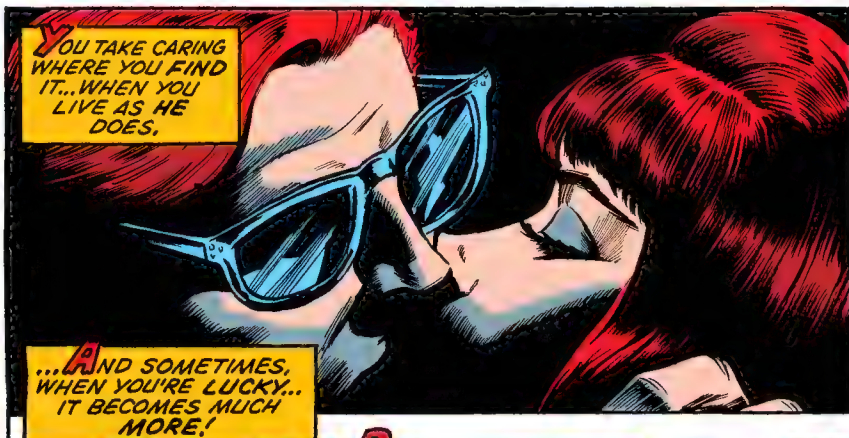
BUT IN SOME WAY, BORGDY'S SEEMS MUFFLED!

AND HIS HAND UNDER THAT GLOVE--STIFF AND UNYIELDING!



YES... A STRANGE MAN, THIS EMIL BORGDY.

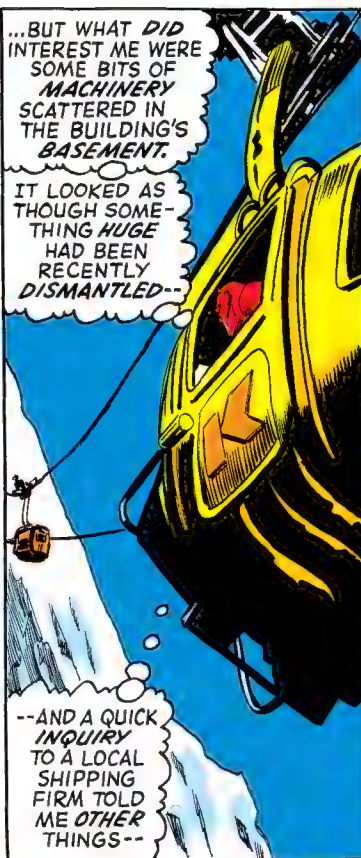
AS MY RADAR-SENSES TELL ME, A VERY STRANGE MAN!





BEFORE LEAVING NEW YORK, I CHECKED OUT A FEW LITTLE THINGS.

I WASN'T TOO SURPRISED TO DISCOVER KLINE HAD DESERTED HIS COZY LONG ISLAND MANSION...



...BUT WHAT DID INTEREST ME WERE SOME BITS OF **MACHINERY** SCATTERED IN THE BUILDING'S **BASEMENT**.

IT LOOKED AS THOUGH SOMETHING **HUGE** HAD BEEN RECENTLY **DISMANTLED**--

--AND A QUICK **INQUIRY** TO A LOCAL SHIPPING FIRM TOLD ME **OTHER THINGS**--



--FOR ONE, THAT THE SPECIAL **CHARTERED PLANE** CARRYING KLINE'S EQUIPMENT **DISAPPEARED** SOMEWHERE OVER THE ATLANTIC--

AND FOR ANOTHER, THAT ITS FINAL **DESTINATION**--



--WAS **SWITZERLAND!**

UNTIL THIS AFTERNOON, I HAD NOTHING BUT **UNEASY SUSPICIONS**. EVERYTHING THAT'S BEEN HAPPENING THESE PAST FEW WEEKS...

...THAT BATTLE WITH THE **SCORPION**, AND MR. HYDE'S SEEMING **SUICIDE**... NEITHER FOLLOWED... THEY JUST WEREN'T IN **CHARACTER!***

*ISSUES #84 AND 85 NATCH. --STAN.



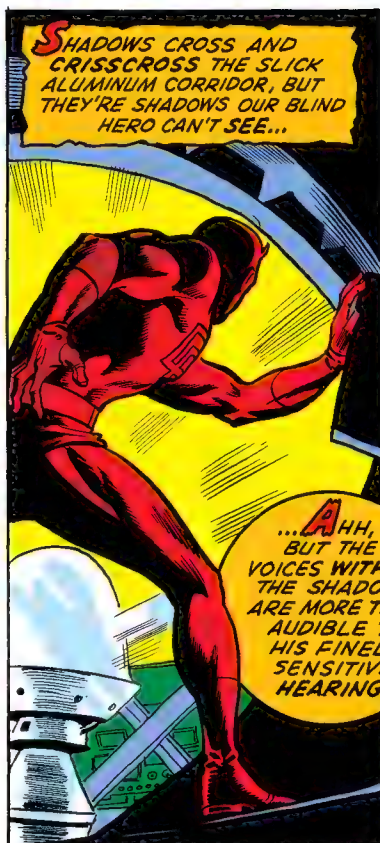
AND THIS **SENSATION** OF BEING **MANIPULATED**--

--I'M SURE IT WORKS IN SOMEHOW.



NOW, IF MY HUNCH CONCERNING **EMIL** IS CORRECT--

--I MAY JUST GET THE ANSWERS I NEED!



SHADOWS CROSS AND CRISSCROSS THE SLICK ALUMINUM CORRIDOR, BUT THEY'RE SHADOWS OUR BLIND HERO CAN'T SEE...

...**AHH**, BUT THE VOICES WITHIN THE SHADOWS ARE MORE THAN AUDIBLE TO HIS FINELY SENSITIVE HEARING...



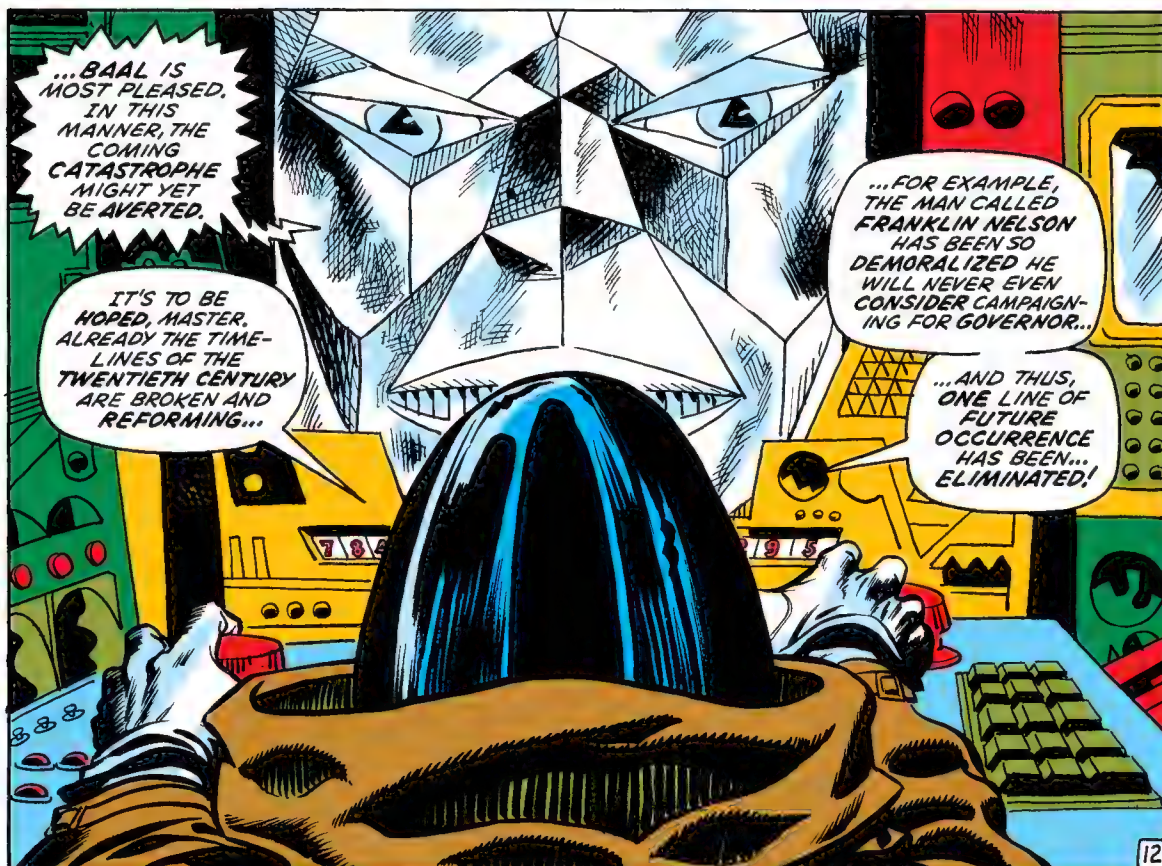
REPORTING AS SCHEDULED, THIS IS...**THE ASSASSIN**.

AS COMMANDED BY YOU, MASTER, I HAVE DROPPED THE **KLINE APPELLATION**.

AS **PREDICTED**, ALL GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN.

MURDOCK IS HERE... AND SOON, WILL BE NEUTRALIZED.

EXCELLENT, ASSASSIN...

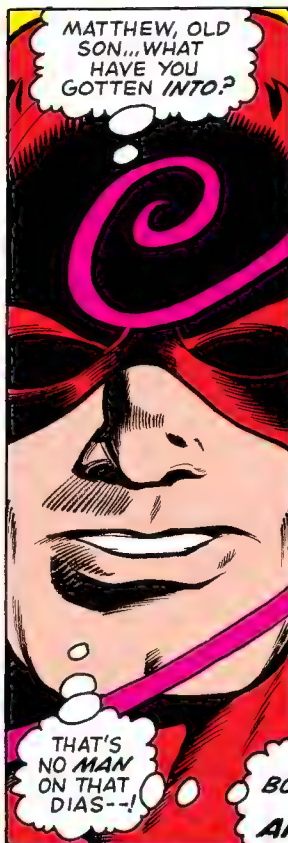


...**BAAL IS MOST PLEASED**. IN THIS MANNER, THE **COMING CATASTROPHE** MIGHT YET BE **AVERTED**.

IT'S TO BE **HOPED, MASTER**. ALREADY THE **TIME-LINES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY** ARE **BROKEN AND REFORMING...**

...FOR EXAMPLE, THE MAN CALLED **FRANKLIN NELSON** HAS BEEN SO **DEMORALIZED** HE WILL NEVER EVEN **CONSIDER CAMPAIGNING FOR GOVERNOR...**

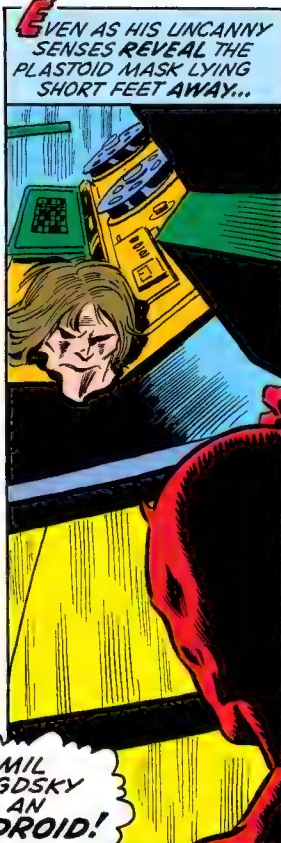
...AND **THUS, ONE LINE OF FUTURE OCCURRENCE** HAS BEEN... **ELIMINATED!**



MATTHEW, OLD SON...WHAT HAVE YOU GOTTEN INTO?

THAT'S NO MAN ON THAT DIAS--!

EMIL BORGDSKY IS AN ANDROID!



EVEN AS HIS UNCANNY SENSES REVEAL THE PLASTOID MASK LYING SHORT FEET AWAY...

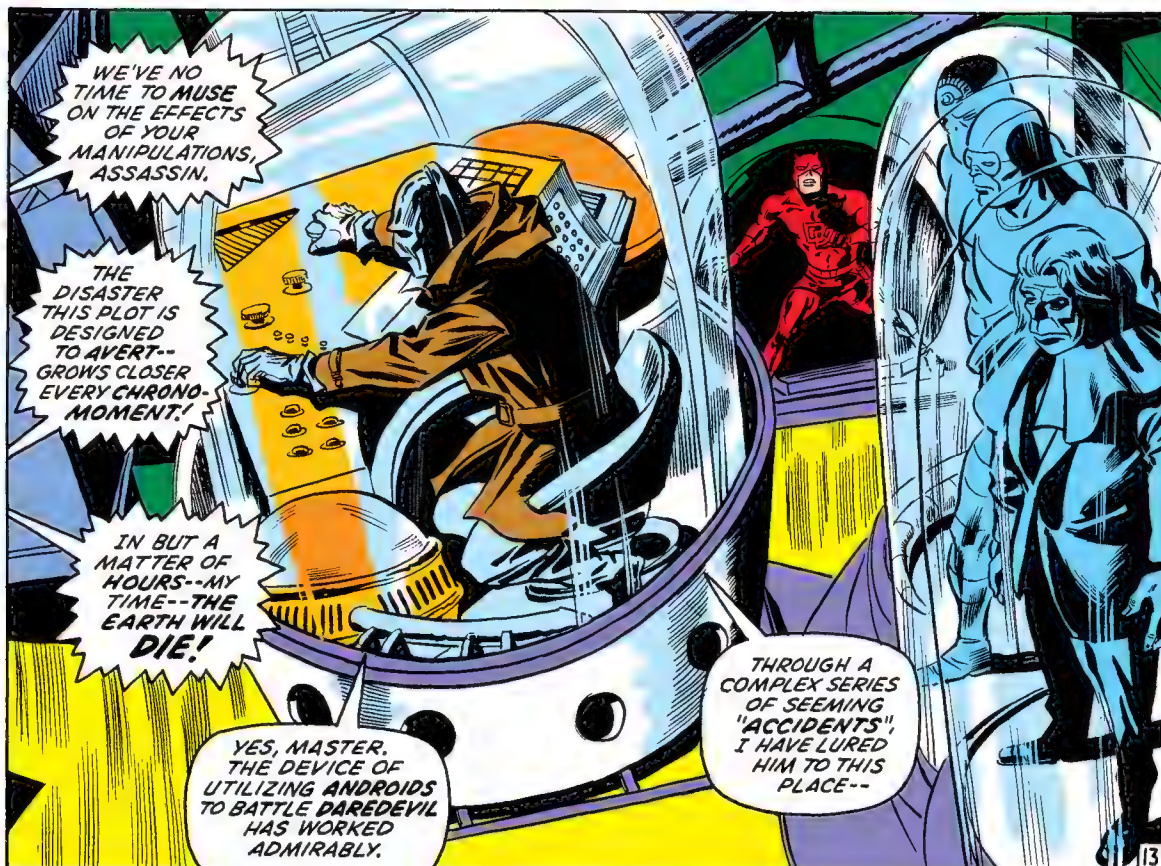


...**O**ther senses reveal other things...!

SOON, THE VERY SHAPE OF OUR FUTURE WORLD WILL BE CHANGED, MASTER...

...AND THE HISTORY THAT WILL MAKE YOU THE SOLE OCCUPANT OF THE EARTH TWELVE THOUSAND YEARS FROM THIS DATE...

...WILL BE DESTROYED!



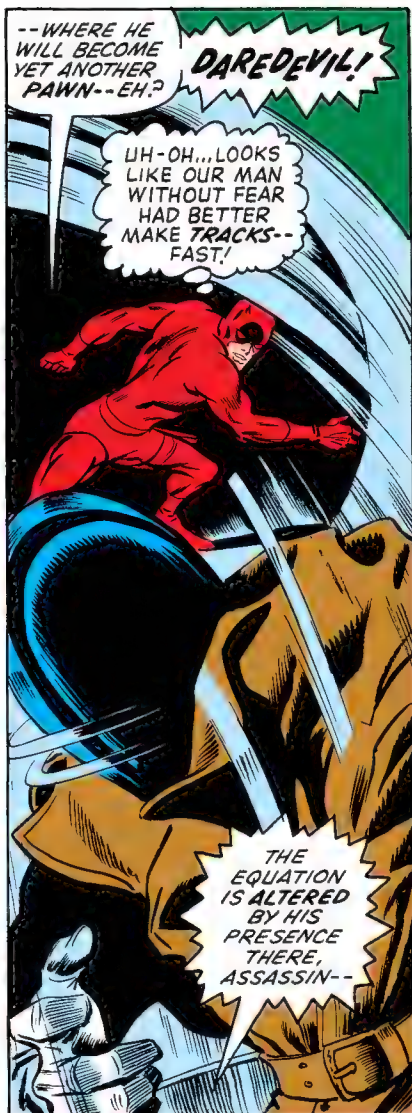
WE'VE NO TIME TO MUSE ON THE EFFECTS OF YOUR MANIPULATIONS, ASSASSIN.

THE DISASTER THIS PLOT IS DESIGNED TO AVERT--GROWS CLOSER EVERY CHRONO-MOMENT!

IN BUT A MATTER OF HOURS--MY TIME--THE EARTH WILL DIE!

YES, MASTER. THE DEVICE OF UTILIZING ANDROIDS TO BATTLE DAREDEVIL HAS WORKED ADMIRABLY.

THROUGH A COMPLEX SERIES OF SEEMING "ACCIDENTS", I HAVE LURED HIM TO THIS PLACE--



SPEAK ALL YOU WILL!
IT WAS THAT KIND OF
USELESS TALK WHICH
CAUSED THE END OF
THE HUMAN RACE.

WHEN MEN
SHOULD HAVE
THOUGHT,
THEY ONLY
SPOKE. WHEN THEY
SHOULD HAVE
ACTED, THEY ONLY
WAILED!

WAS IT NOT THE
MOST LOGICAL
EVENT--THAT THE
COMPUTER THEY
BUILT TO CONTROL
THEIR WORLD OF
MACHINES SOME
TEN THOUSAND
YEARS HENCE--
SHOULD END
THAT VERBAL
NIGHTMARE?

BAAL IS ALL THAT'S
LEFT, HUMAN--AND
TO INSURE HIS OWN
SURVIVAL, HE HAS
SENT ME BACK THROUGH
TIME--TO CHANGE THE
FLOW OF HISTORY THAT
IS CAUSING HIS
PRESENT DILEMMA!

ALL WOULD
HAVE SONE WELL--
YOU WOULD
HAVE BEEN
NEUTRALIZED
AS A HISTORICAL
FORCE WHEN
YOUR SIGHT WAS
RETURNED--

--FOR
DAREDEVIL
WOULD
HAVE BEEN
DEAD!

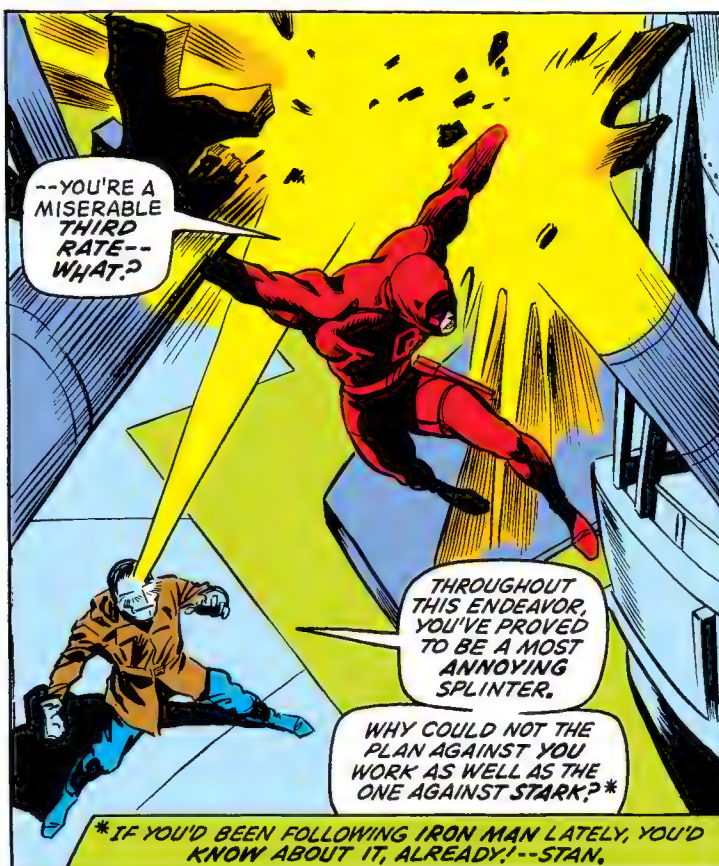
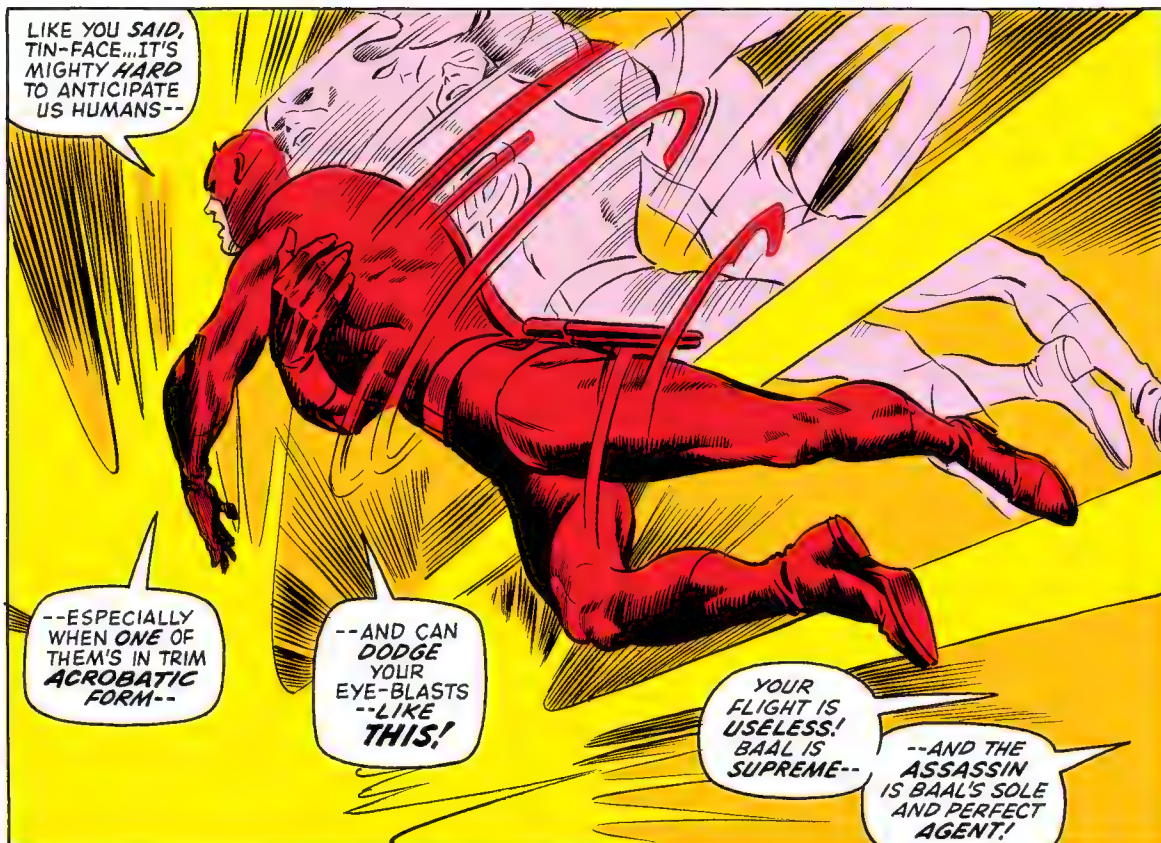
AND YET--
THAT SAME
THING CAN
STILL BE
ACCOMPLISHED--

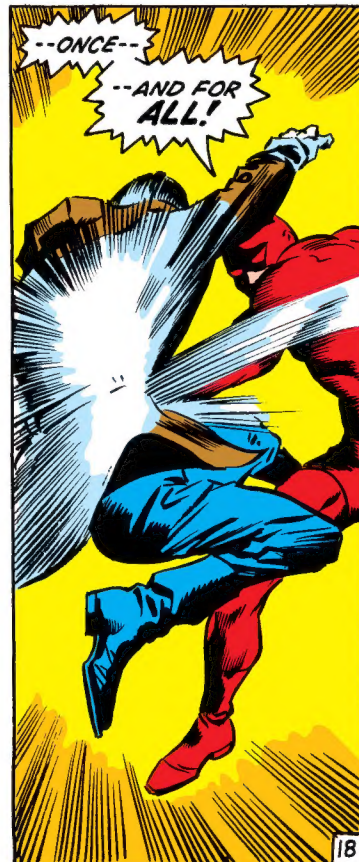
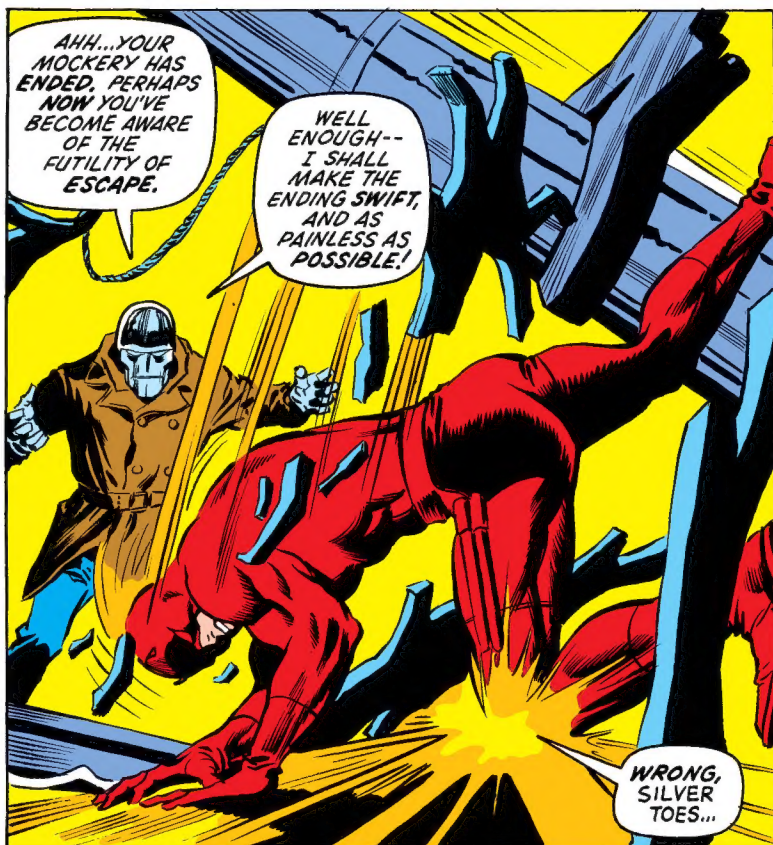
NOW!

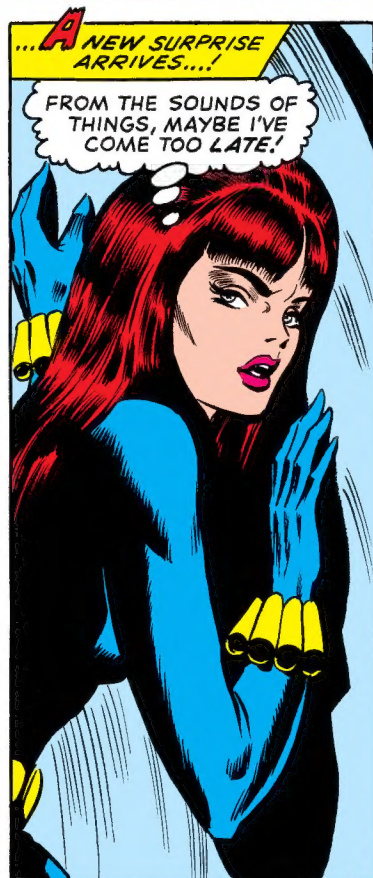
UNNNNH!:-

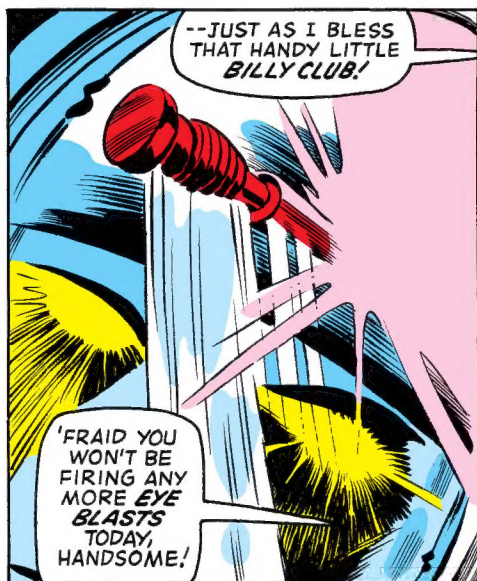
CRASH!!











--JUST AS I BLESS
THAT HANDY LITTLE
BILLY CLUB!

'FRAID YOU
WON'T BE
FIRING ANY
MORE *EYE
BLASTS*
TODAY,
HANDSOME!



~CHZZZZZ--
TCTCTC--
KZZZZZZZ!~

WHAT--?

YOU MUST'VE *BROKEN*
SOMETHING,
DAREDEVIL!

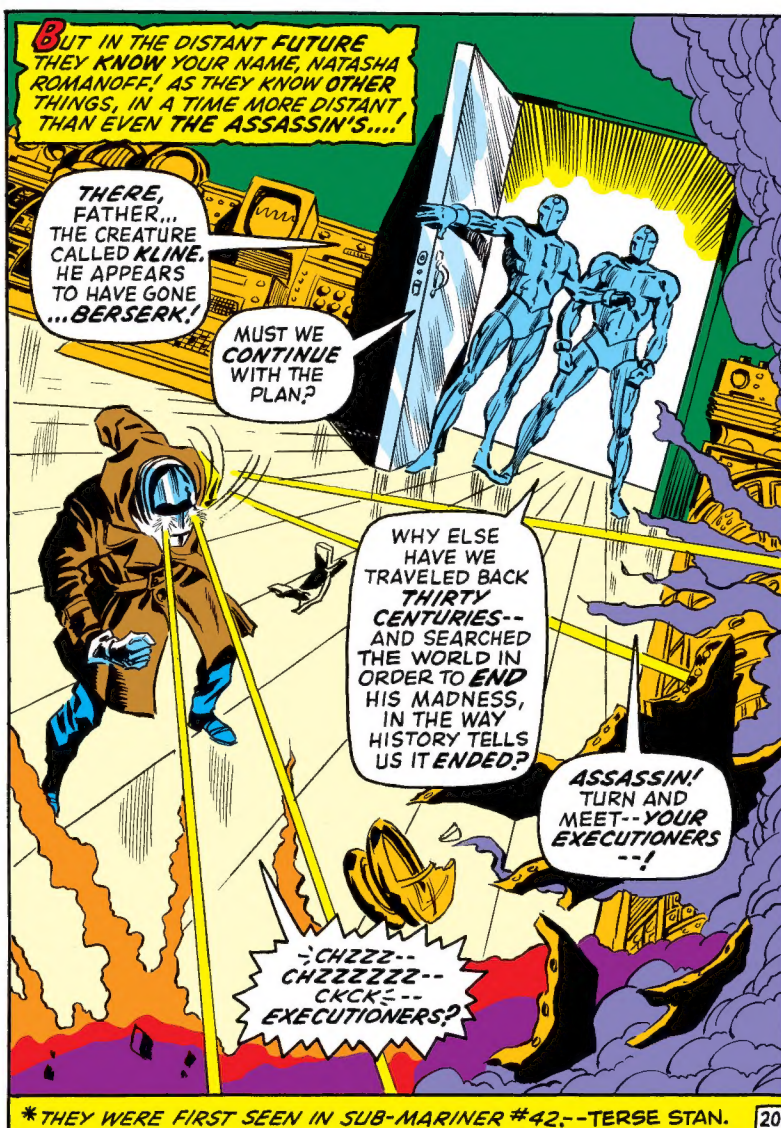
HURRY!
WE'D
BETTER
LEAVE--!



ALWAYS BEING
BOSSSED BY
WOMEN. HEY...
HOW'D YOU
FIGURE TO
COME HERE,
ANYWAY?

I WAS
SUSPICIOUS
OF
BORGDZKY
AS SOON AS
I REALIZED
HE'D
ADDRESSED
ME BY MY
*LAST
NAME--*

--A NAME *NO
ONE KNOWS!*
OR *KNEW*,
I SUPPOSE--!



*BUT IN THE DISTANT FUTURE
THEY KNOW YOUR NAME, NATASHA
ROMANOFF! AS THEY KNOW OTHER
THINGS, IN A TIME MORE DISTANT
THAN EVEN THE ASSASSIN'S....!*

THERE,
FATHER...
THE CREATURE
CALLED *KLINE*.
HE APPEARS
TO HAVE GONE
...*BERSERK!*

MUST WE
CONTINUE
WITH THE
PLAN?

WHY ELSE
HAVE WE
TRAVELED BACK
*THIRTY
CENTURIES--*
AND SEARCHED
THE WORLD IN
ORDER TO *END*
HIS MADNESS,
IN THE WAY
HISTORY TELLS
US IT *ENDED?*

ASSASSIN!
TURN AND
MEET--*YOUR
EXECUTIONERS*
--!

~CHZZZ--
CHZZZZZZZ--
CKCK--
EXECUTIONERS?

*THEY WERE FIRST SEEN IN SUB-MARINER #42.--TERSE STAN.



AYE! WE
ARE FROM
A TIME
BEYOND
YOURS--

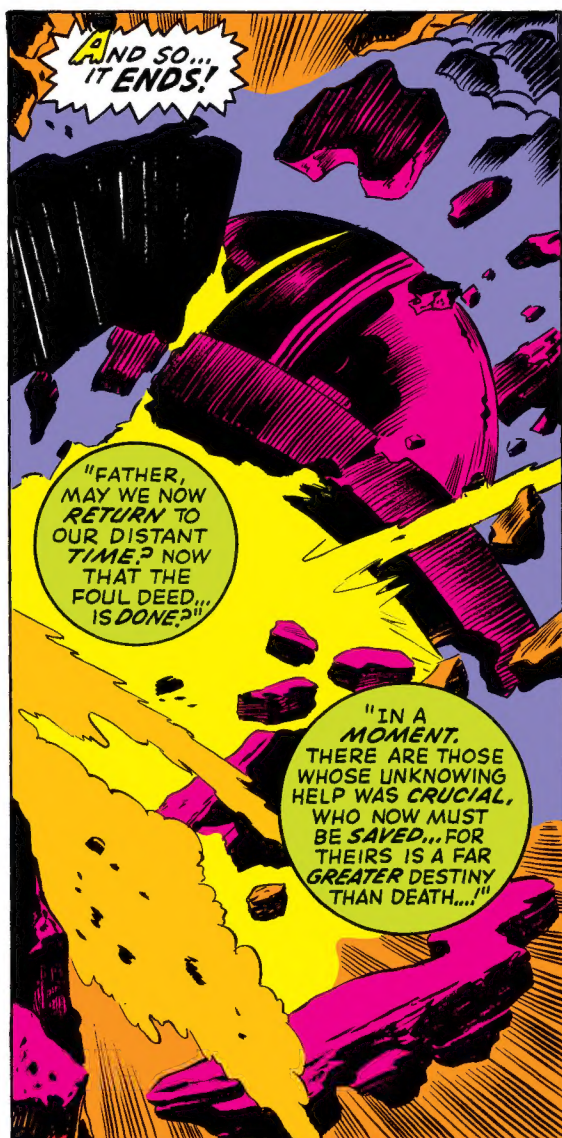
--A TIME
AFTER THE
EXPLOSIVE
**DEATH OF
BAAL!**

WE...ARE
THE **NEW**
PEOPLE...



...THE
FINAL
SONS OF
MAN!

--BZZZZ--
CLKCLKCK--
NOOOO--
CHZZZZZZZZ--



**AND SO...
IT ENDS!**

"FATHER,
MAY WE NOW
RETURN TO
OUR DISTANT
TIME? NOW
THAT THE
FOUL DEED...
IS DONE?"

"IN A
MOMENT.
THERE ARE THOSE
WHOSE UNKNOWNING
HELP WAS **CRUCIAL**,
WHO NOW MUST
BE **SAVED**... FOR
THEIRS IS A FAR
GREATER DESTINY
THAN DEATH..."

AND, ON A DISTANT MOUNTAINSIDE, TWO
COSTUMED FIGURES MATERIALIZE, SPIRITED
AWAY FROM THE DESTROYING AVALANCHE....!



DAREDEVIL, WHAT
HAPPENED? ONE
MOMENT WE WERE
ALMOST CAUGHT--

--AND NOW
WE'RE SAFE.
I KNOW,
TASHA.

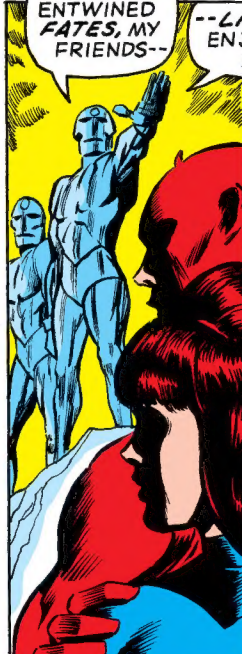
JUST AS
YOU MUST
KNOW I'M
REALLY
**MATT
MURDOCK!**

AND HOW
COULD SHE
NOT?

ACCEPT
YOUR
ENTWINED
FATES, MY
FRIENDS--

--LIVE, AND
ENJOY THE
LIFE--

--THAT HAS
BEEN
RETURNED
TO YOU!



AND THE METALLIC
FIGURES VANISH,
LEAVING TWO CON-
FUSED HUMANS ON
THE SNOW BELOW...

...LEAVING
ALSO...

**...THE
END!**